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HUNTING STORIES TOLD BY HIMSELF

WITH
PICTURES
BY
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REMINGTON.



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President Roosevelt Writes:

"It has been my good luck to kill every kind of game properly belonging to the United States. I have never sought to make large bags, for a hunter should not be a game butcher. It is always lawful to kill dangerous or noxious animals like the bear, cougar and wolf, but other game should only be shot when there is need of the meat or for the sake of an unusually fine trophy. Killing a reasonable number of bulls, bucks or rams does no harm whatever to the species," etc.

strained alertness. Then I heard a twig snap, and my blood froze, for I knew the bear was at his supper. In another moment I saw his shaggy, brown form. He was working with all his awkward giant strength, trying to bury the carcass, twisting it to one side and the other with wonderful ease. Once he got angry and suddenly gave it a tremendous cuff with his paw; in his bearing he had something half humorous, half devilish. I crept up within forty yards, but for several minutes he would not keep his head still. Then something attracted his attention in the forest, and he stood motionless looking toward it, broadside to me, with his forepaws planted on the carcass. This gave me my chance. I drew a very fine bead between his eye and ear, and pulled trigger. He dropped like a steer when struck with a pole-axe.

If there is a good hiding place handy it is better to lie in wait at the carcass. One day on the headwaters of the Madison I found that a bear was coming to an alk I had shot some days before; and I at once determined to ambush the beast when he came back that evening. The carcass lay in the middle of a valley a quarter of a mile broad. To the bottom of this valley was covered by an open forest of tall pines; a thick jungle of smaller evergreens marked where the mountains rose on either hand. There were a number of large rocks scattered here and there, one of very convenient shape, being only some seventy or eighty yards from the carcass. Up this I clambered. It hid me perfectly, and on its top was a carpet of soft pine needles, on which I could lie at my ease.

Suddenly and without warning, the great bear stepped out of the bushes and trod across the pine needles with such swift and silent footsteps that its bulk seemed surreal. It was very cautious, continually halting to peer around; and once it stood up on its hind legs and looked long down the valley toward the red west. As it reached the carcass I put a bullet between its shoulders. It rolled over, while the bullet resounded with its savage roaring. Immediately it struggled to its feet and staggered off, and fell again to the next shot, squalling and yelling. Twice this was repeated, the brute being one of those bears which a great every wound with a great outcry, and sometimes seem to lose their feet when out—although they will occasionally fight as savagely as their more silent brethren. In this case the wounds were mortal, and the bear died before reaching the edge of the thicket.

I got quivered in the tangle of winding valleys at the foot of the steep mountains, and as dark was coming on I halted and camped in a little open spot by the side of a small, noisy brook, with crystal water. I opened the pack, tossed the bedding on a smooth spot, kneeled under the little mare, dragged up a few dry logs, and then strolled off, rifle on shoulder, through the frosty gloaming, to see if I could pick up a grouse for supper. At last, as I was thinking of turning toward camp,

I stole up to the crest of one of the ridges and looked over into the valley, some sixty yards off. Immediately I caught the loom of some large, dark object; and another glance showed me a big grizzly walking slowly off with his head down. He was quartering to me, and I fired into his flank, the bullet, as I afterwards found, ranging forward and piercing one lung. At the sound he uttered a loud, moaning grunt and plunged forward at a heavy gallop, while I reared obliquely down the hill to cut him off. After going a few hundred feet he reached a laurel thicket, some thirty yards broad, and two or three times as long, which he did not leave. I ran up to the edge and there halted, not liking to venture into the mass of twisted, close-growing stems and glossy foliage.

Moreover, as I halted, I heard him utter a peculiar, savage kind of wailing from the heart of the brush. Accordingly I began to skirt the edge, standing on tiptoe and gazing earnestly to see if I could not catch a glimpse of his hide. When I was at the narrowest part of the thicket, he suddenly left it directly opposite, and then wheeled and stood broadside to me on the hillside, a little above. He turned his head stiffly toward me; scarlet strings of froth hung from his lips; his eyes burned like embers in the gloom.

I held true, aiming behind the shoulder, and my bullet shattered the point or lower end of his heart, taking out a big nick. Instantly the great bear turned with a harsh roar of fury and challenge, blowing the bloody foam from his mouth, so that I saw the gleam of his white fangs; and then he charged straight at me, crashing and pounding through the laurel bushes, so that it was hard to aim.

I waited until he came to a fallen tree, raking him as he topped it with a ball which entered his chest and went through the cavity of his body, but he neither swerved nor flinched, and at the moment I did not know that I had struck him. He came steadily on, and in another second was almost upon me. I fired for his forehead, but my bullet went low, entering his open mouth, smashing his lower jaw and going into the neck. I leaped to one side almost as I pulled the trigger; and through the hanging smoke the first thing I saw was his paw as he made a vicious blow at me.

The rush of his charge carried him past. As he struck he turned forward, leaving a pool of bright blood where his muzzle hit the ground; but he recovered himself and made two or three jumps onwards, while I hurriedly jammed a couple of cartridges into the magazine, my rifle holding only four, all of which I had fired. Then he tried to pull up, but as he did so his muscles seemed suddenly to give way, his head drooped, and he rolled over and over like a shot rabbit. Each of my first three bullets had inflicted a mortal wound.

This is the only instance in which I have been regularly charged by a grizzly. On the whole, the danger of hunting these great bears has been much exaggerated.

STORY NO. 2.

"Hunting the Buffalo"

will appear in Wednesday's Evening World.

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STORY NO. 1. Hunting the Grizzly.



It is often possible to follow a bear's trail in the snow, having come upon it either by chance or hard hunting, or else having found where it leads from some carcass on which the beast has been feeding. In the pursuit one must exercise great caution, as at such times the hunter is easily seen a long way off, and game is always especially watchful for any foe that may follow its trail.

Once I killed a grizzly in this manner. It was early in the fall, but snow lay on the ground, while the gray weather boded a storm. My camp was in a bleak, wind-swept valley, high among the mountains which form the divide between the headwaters of the Salmon and Clarke's Fork of the Columbia. All night I had lain in my buffalo-bag, under the lee of a windbreak of branches, in the clump of fir-trees, where I had halted the preceding evening.

At my feet ran a rapid mountain torrent, its bed choked with ice-covered rocks; I had been lulled to sleep by the stream's splashing murmur and the loud moaning of the wind along the naked cliffs. At dawn I rose and shook myself free of the buffalo robe, coated with hoar-frost. The ashes of the fire were lifeless; in the dim morning the air was bitter cold. I did not linger a moment, but snatched up my rifle, pulled on my fur cap and gloves, and strode off up a side ravine; as I walked I ate some mouthfuls of venison left over from supper.

Two hours of toil up the steep mountain brought me to the top of a spur.

For two hours I walked onwards across the ridges and valleys. Then among some scattered spruces, where the snow lay to the depth of half a foot, I suddenly came on the fresh, broad trail of a grizzly. The brute was evidently roaming rest-



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lessly about in search of a winter den, but willing, in passing, to pick up any food that lay handy. At once I took the trail, travelling above and to one side, and keeping a sharp look-out ahead. The bear was going across wind, and this made my task easy. I walked rapidly, though cautiously;